



TWO KINDS OF SPOONS.

Weeks—Evelyn, I want to tell you a Christmas secret. I'm going to give your mother a new spoonholder. His daughter—A new spoonholder? Weeks—Yes, a new parlor sofa.



There's a little old man with silvery hair An' a long white beard an' a star in the air. With twinklin' black eyes an' a rosy, red face. An' onct a year he comes to our place. An' our little maid An' our little man Es anxious to see 'im soon's they can.

But you better take keer, for some folks say At of yer naughty he'll fly away. An' quicker'n you can whistle—phew— Away he's gone up the chimney flue! So our little maid An' our little man Es tryin' to be jest ez good's they can.

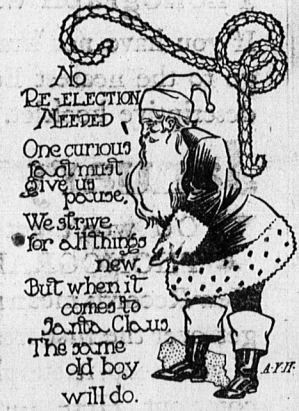
But of yer good an' 'bey yer pa An' don't ever cry an' vex yer ma He'll fill yer stockings with games an' toys An' nuts an' sweets an' all sorts o' joys. So our little maid An' our little man Wants Santa to come jes' as quick 's he can.



THE ONLY WAY.

Mrs. Critique—I don't think it is very appropriate for you to wear a wine-colored silk dress to the W. C. T. U. meeting. Mrs. Wise—Oh! it's watered silk, you know.

Peggy (sighing)—Ah! Reginald, dearest! but how can I be sure that you will not grow weary of me after we have been married a little while? Reggy—Cawn't they, doncherknow huppoths we try it and thee.



No RE-ELECTION NEEDED. One curious is almost give us a piece. We strive for all things new. But when it comes to Santa Claus. The come old boy will do.

What He Expects.

I shall look for a nice sled, And a pair of ice skates, And a red or blue sweater, And a fur cap with earlaps, And a jackknife, And a dollar watch, And a whole pound of candy, And at least a quarter in money, These may be a football, And a goat, And rubber boots, And a silver dollar, And four kinds of candy, and an argon.

I can't say as there will, but father and mother are looking at me in a loving way, and I shall be the best boy in town until after Christmas. No boy who is not a good boy can expect anything in his Christmas stocking.

WHAT HE GETS.

One pair of mittens and a lemon. JOE KERR.



AS USUAL SHE STANDS UPON A LADDER TO HANG HER CHRISTMAS WREATH. SHE HOLDS THE WREATH AGAINST THE WALL. PREPARED TO LET IT STAY.

DON'T HARK WHAT THAT MEANS THAT TERRIBLE WALL! IT'S AROUND WOULD AFFRIGHT ONE. IT SURELY MEANS SHE HIT A WALL. BUT IT WAS NOT THE RIGHT ONE.



SHE DIDN'T HAVE TO.

Miss Petite—Do I have to go and stand under the mistletoe? Fargone—No, stand right where you are. It's foolish wasting precious time.

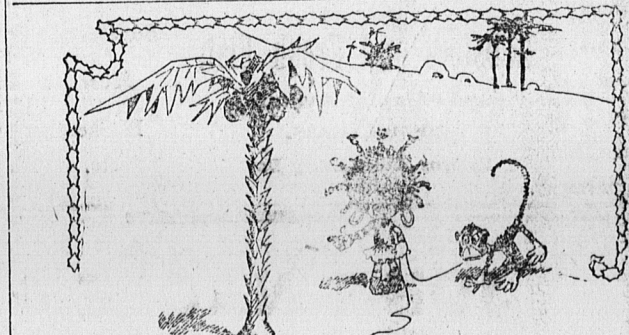
ALWAYS THE SAME.

"Now, dear," she says, "we've got the children's stockings filled, and I'm going to give you your little present." "But I didn't want you to buy anything for me." "But I couldn't let the day pass, you know. It's only a cheap, little present, but I hope you won't be disappointed. It is such hard times that I couldn't save up much." "I shall be pleased over it, whatever it is." "And you won't make fun of it?" "Of course not." "And you'll think it's nice?" "Surely I will."

"But coming from you, dear, it will be appreciated so much." "Sure you won't be disappointed?" "I couldn't be. Oh, what can it be?" And he hands her a little parcel containing a pair of No. 10 hosiery, when she has told him a hundred times over that her size is 8, and she utters a little shriek of delight, gives him a kiss, and then runs up stairs to put them with the aprons she is going to give the hired girl on the morrow. JOE KERR.



Presents Hubby with a pair of No. 10 Slippers.



Little Umbagoolo—Wo-ow! Here ain't nuffin' on mah Chris-mus tree but de some ole evelastin' coconuts!

THAT CHRISTMAS TREE.



Hubby—"I'll show you how a tree should be dressed! Now don't—"



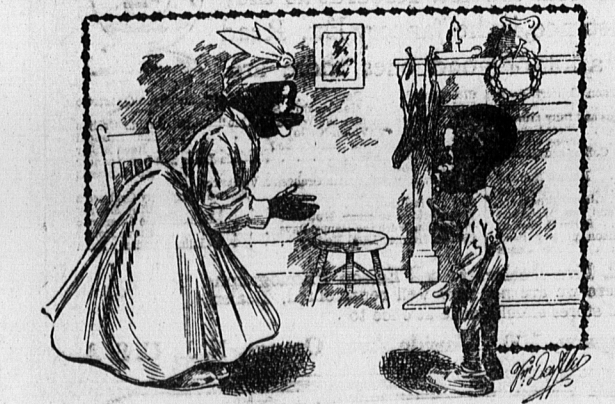
"Interfere. There's nothing so distract ing to a—"



"Man when he's doing his best to make—"

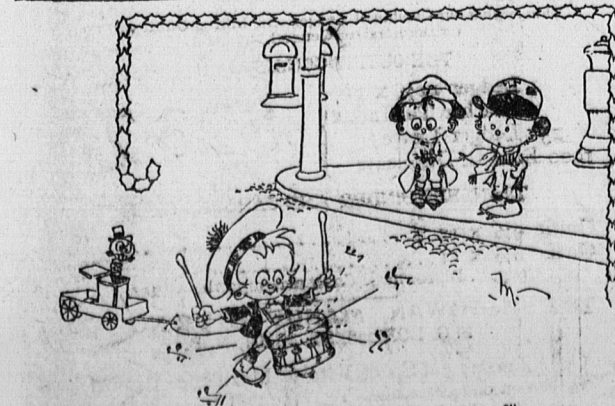


"A success of anything as being called down."



AN APPALLING SUGGESTION.

Sammy—I wondah why Santa Claus uses a reindeer. Mammy—Well, I speeks mebbe a mule would be cheaper. Sammy—Yes. But goodness mammy! S'posn dat mule was to take a noshun to balk!



"I wonder why Santa Claus brung h lm things an' forgot us?" "I guess it's cause his folks is got dere name in de city directionary book at de 'drug store, an' we ain't!"

THE MISTLETOE SPELL.

Under the mistletoe laughing eyes Flash me a challenge greeting, While pouting lips, enticingly near, Warn me that time is fleeting. The kiss I take weaves round me a spell Of sly Cupid's artful contriving; A willing captive, no wish to escape, I am held in its toils, never striving.

